

To rot it selfe with motion.

*Mef. Cesar* I bring thee word,  
*Mene* famous Pyrates  
Makes the Sea serue them, which they care and wound  
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes  
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime  
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and fluff youth reuolt,  
No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone  
Taken as scene: for *Pompey*'s name strikes more  
Then could his Warre redifed.

*Cesar. Anthony,*  
Leaue thy lasciuious Vassalles. When thou once  
Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou flew't  
*Hirsin*, and *Pausa* Consuls, at thy heele  
Did Famines follow, whom thou fought't against,  
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more  
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke  
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle  
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the did daine  
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.  
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,  
The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,  
It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,  
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this  
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)  
Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheek  
So much as Iank'd not.

*Lep.* 'Tis pittie of him.

*Ces.* Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine  
Did shew our selues i'th' Field, and to that end  
Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*  
Thriues in our Idleness.

*Lep.* To morrow *Cesar*,  
I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly  
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able  
To front this present time.

*Ces.* Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.

*Lep.* Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time  
Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir  
To let me be partaker.

*Cesar.* Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.*

*Cleo. Charmian.*

*Char. Madam.*

*Cleo.* Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragora*.

*Char.* Why Madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:  
My *Anthony* is away.

*Char.* You thinke of him too much.

*Cleo.* O'tis Treason.

*Char.* Madam, I trust not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?

*Mar.* What's your Highnesse pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to heare thee sing, I take no pleasure

In ought an Eunuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,

That being vnseduc'd, thy freer thoughts

May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

*Mar.* Yes gracious Madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed?

*Mar.* Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing

But what in deede is honest to be done:

Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke

What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

*Cleo.* Oh *Charmian*:

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?

Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony*!  
Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mou'st,  
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme  
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,  
(For so he calls me:) Now I feede my selfe  
With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me  
That am with *Phoebe* amorous pinches blacke,  
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Cesar*,  
When thou wast't heere aboute the ground, I was  
A morsell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*  
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,  
There would he anchor his Aspects, and dye  
With looking on his life.

*Enter Alexas from Cesar.*

*Alex.* Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

*Cleo.* How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?  
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath  
With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthony*?

*Alex.* Last thing he did (deere *Queen*)

He kist the last of many doubled kisses

This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine eare must plucke it thence.

*Alex.* Good Friend, quoth he:

Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote  
To mend the petty present, I will peece  
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,  
(Say thou) shall call her Mistress. So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,  
Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,  
Was beauly dumbe by him.

*Cleo.* What was he sad, or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o'th' yeare, between extremes  
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.

*Cleo.* Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,

Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.

He was not sad, for he would shine on those

That make their looks by his. He was not merrie,

Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

In Egypt with his ioy, but betwene both.

Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,

The violence of either thee becomes,

So do's it no mans else. Mer'st thou my Poets?

*Alex.* I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.

Why do you send so thicke?

*Cleo.* Who's borne that day, when I forget to send

to *Anthony*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Char-*

*mian*. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, e-

uer loue *Cesar* so?

*Char.* Oh that braue *Cesar*!

*Cleo.* Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,

Say the braue *Anthony*.

*Char.* The valiant *Cesar*.

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will giue thee bloody teeth,

If thou with *Cesar* Parago againe:

My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My Salad dayes,

When I was Greene in iudgement, cold in blood,

To say, as I saide then. But come away,

Get me Inke and Paper,

he shall haue every day a seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeo-  
ple Egypt. *Exeunt*

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in  
warlike manner.*

*Pom.* If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist  
The deeds of iustest men.

*Mene.* Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do de-  
lay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are tutors to their Throne, decayes  
the thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We ignorant of our selues,  
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres  
Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit  
By looking of our Prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:

The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;  
My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope  
Sayes it will come to'th' full. *Marke Anthony*  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No warres without doores. *Cesar* gets money where  
He looses heart's: *Lepidus* flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Mene.* *Cesar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,

Amighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

*Mene.* From *Silius*, Sir.

*Pom.* He dreames: I know they are in Rome together  
Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,  
Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,  
Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both,  
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,  
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,  
Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,  
That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,  
Euen till a Lethied dulnesse

*Enter Varrus.*

How now *Varrus*?

*Var.* This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:

*Marke Anthony* is euery houre in Rome  
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
A space for farther Trauaile.

*Pom.* I could haue giuen lesse matter  
A better care. *Mene*, I did not thinke  
This amorous Surfetter would haue don'd his Helme  
For such a petty Warre: His Souldierish  
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare  
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's Widdow, plucke  
The neere Lust-weari'd *Anthony*.

*Mene.* I cannot hope,  
*Cesar* and *Anthony* shall well greet together;  
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Cesar*,  
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke  
Not mou'd by *Anthony*.

*Pom.* I know not *Mene*,  
How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,  
Were't not that we stand vp against them all:  
Twer pregnant they should square between themselves,  
For they haue entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs  
May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vp  
The petty difference, we yet not know:  
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands  
Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands  
Come *Mene*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.*

*Lep.* Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to increat your Captaine  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Enob.* I shall increat him  
To answer like himselfe: if *Cesar* moue him,  
Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Cesar*'s head,  
And speake as lowd as *Mars*. By *Iupiter*,  
Were I the wearer of *Anthony*'s Beard,  
I would not shau'e't to day.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking.

*Eno.* Euery time serues for the matter that is then  
borne in't.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must giue way.

*Eno.* Nor if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre  
No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

*Enter Anthony and Ventidius.*

*Eno.* And yonder *Cesar*.

*Enter Cesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.*

*Ant.* If we compose well heere, to Parthia:

Hearke *Ventidius*.

*Cesar.* I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.

*Lep.* Noble Friends:

That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend vs. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard. When we debate  
Our triuall difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,  
The rather for I earnestly beseech,  
Touch you the lowrest points with sweetest tearmes,  
Nor curtnesse grow to'th' matter.

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well:

Were we before our Armies, and to fight,

I should do thus. *Flourish.*

*Ces.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thanke you.

*Ces.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit sir.

*Ces.* Nay then.

*Ant.* I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:

Or being, concerne you not.

*Ces.* I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say my selfe offended, and with you  
Chiefely i'th' world. More laught at, that I should  
Once name you derogarely: when to sound your name  
It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt *Cesar*, what was't to you?

*Ces.* No more then my reciding heere at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there

Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt

Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd?

*Ces.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,

By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother

Made warres vpon me, and their contestation

Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

*Ant.* You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer

Did vrge me in his Aet: I did inquire it,

And haue my Learning from some true reports

That drew their swords with you, did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the warres alike against my stomacke,

Hauing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters

Before did satisfie you. If you'll patch a quarrell,

As matter whole you haue to make it with,